

Bloomfield Citizen.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The CITIZEN solicits contributions from the general public on any subject—political, religious, educational, or social—so long as they do not contain any personal attacks.

All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Advertisements for insertion in the current week must be in hand not later than Friday noon.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1892.

Home News from Afar.

A friend of THE CITIZEN sends us from El Paso, Texas, the following: "I enclose a clipping from the El Paso Times of this date which might make good reading in THE CITIZEN."

"THE PICKLED WALNUTS."

HOW AN ICONOCLAST SATIRIZED SOME SUBURBAN FADS.

[Special Correspondence.]

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Nov. 17.—Not long ago I took a jaunt out through Upper Montclair in order to loosen my joints a bit. I was quite surprised to see such beautiful villas on every hand, and soon learned that this charming suburb is the spot for the man who delights in windmills, reindeer, black swans, and peacocks.

And I noticed also that every place had a name after that English fashion. Even houses standing on fifty-foot lots were called Skyburst, Cloudvale, the Cedars, etc. While musing on the absurdity of a ridiculous fashion I met a man. As he had on a loud checked suit and a single-barrelled eyeglass, I concluded that he must belong in that regard.

"Good morning," I said. "Do you belong around here?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have belonged around here for something like six years, but I am not going to belong around here longer than the time it will require to get to the station after the moment my lease expires."

"Don't you like the place? It certainly seems very beautiful."

"It is beautiful," replied my friend. "It is altogether too beautiful for me. I want a lonely old-fashioned place. You see these intensely English clothes and the eyeglass?"

"I do," I replied.

"Well," he continued, "I detest them, but I have to wear them to match the place in which I live. I also have to cut the horse's tail for the same reason, and I just long to get out of here to get into a homely suit of United States clothing once more, and give the horse's tail a chance to grow long enough to brush the flies off the small of his back."

"The thing I don't like about it," I replied, "is this ridiculous custom of naming the places. Now, what sense is there in calling a \$5,000 house on a \$200 lot 'Cotswold'?"

"Do you know I antagonized every one about here by calling my place—now, what do you think I called it?"

"Fine View?" I suggested.

"No; guess once more."

"Hazelhurst," I ventured to reply.

"No; you are wrong again. I did not call it by any picturesque, misleading name; I called it the Pickled Walnuts. And I gave it this name to burlesque the system of naming small places at all."

"And you say your neighbors didn't like it?"

"They did not, because I painted the name on a stone at the gate. And then, to get even with them, I called the stable Blythdale Terrace, the dog-house Nanticoke Lodge, and the henry the Slippery Elms."

"And what did the people say?"

"I don't know what they did not say. I think they are talking yet. And if they are not they will be when they learn that I have called the ramshackle house in which my coachman lives Westminster Hall. If you want to live out here you've got to be English from head to foot and wear a single bevelled eyeglass and white duck uppers and play cricket. But I'll get out as soon as I can, and when I once more get into a ten-dollar suit of clothes, and grow a tail on the horse, I'll apply for papers of American citizenship." Then he passed on, trembling with emotion.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

All But One.

Mabel—Were the wedding gifts all displayed?

Janet—Yes, all except the magnificent casket of coal, the gift of the groom; that was under lock and key.—Exchange:

No such precaution would have been necessary had the groom bought his coal from the Bloomfield Coal Company, who sell the best Lehigh Coal at \$6.00 a ton, with a rebate of 25¢ a ton for cash.—Adet.

Try Grandmother's Compound Herb Tea for coughs and colds, liver and stomach troubles. Your druggist has it. Try it. Put up by Keyler & Co., Arlington, N. J. Price 25cts.—Adet.

THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN: BLOOMFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 31, 1892.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Will Cripple the Fire Department.

To THE EDITOR OF THE CITIZEN:

SIX: By the report of the proceedings of the Township Committee, the Fire Committee are ordered to take down, and store, the electric striking apparatus.

As an interested citizen, let me ask what are we going to have for an adequate fire alarm in place of the bell? The whistle, placed in a remote part of the town, can hardly be heard in the Centre when one is listening for it.

This is a serious matter, and is it not better that the Township should assume a very remote responsibility of paying for a possible damage by the bell tower falling, than to run the risk of the center of the town being wiped out by fire?

The present alarm depends upon the vigilance and watchfulness of no man, and (when a box is pulled) automatically gives a good and sufficient alarm to the whole department. The whistle will alarm but one company if sounded.

Suppose a fire starts late at night in the Centre, and a box is pulled? If the night watchman is in any remote part of the premises, or is asleep, or is away, or is anything or anywhere but on the watch, when the alarm comes to his engine room or the small tower, which I believe is the way he gets it, no alarm is sounded, and how much of the town is burned up depends (as it did ten years ago) upon how strong the wind is.